STEPHEN HELLER

HIS LIFE AND WORKS

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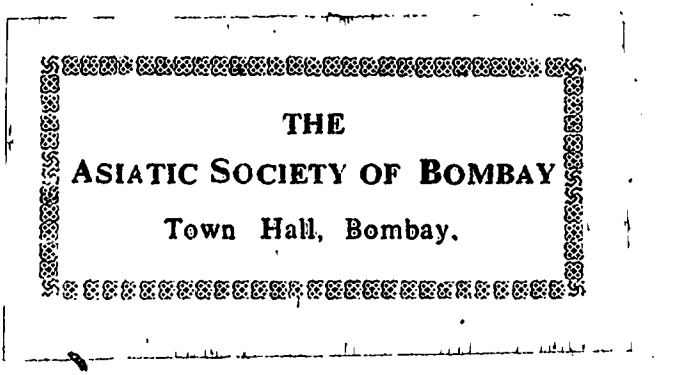

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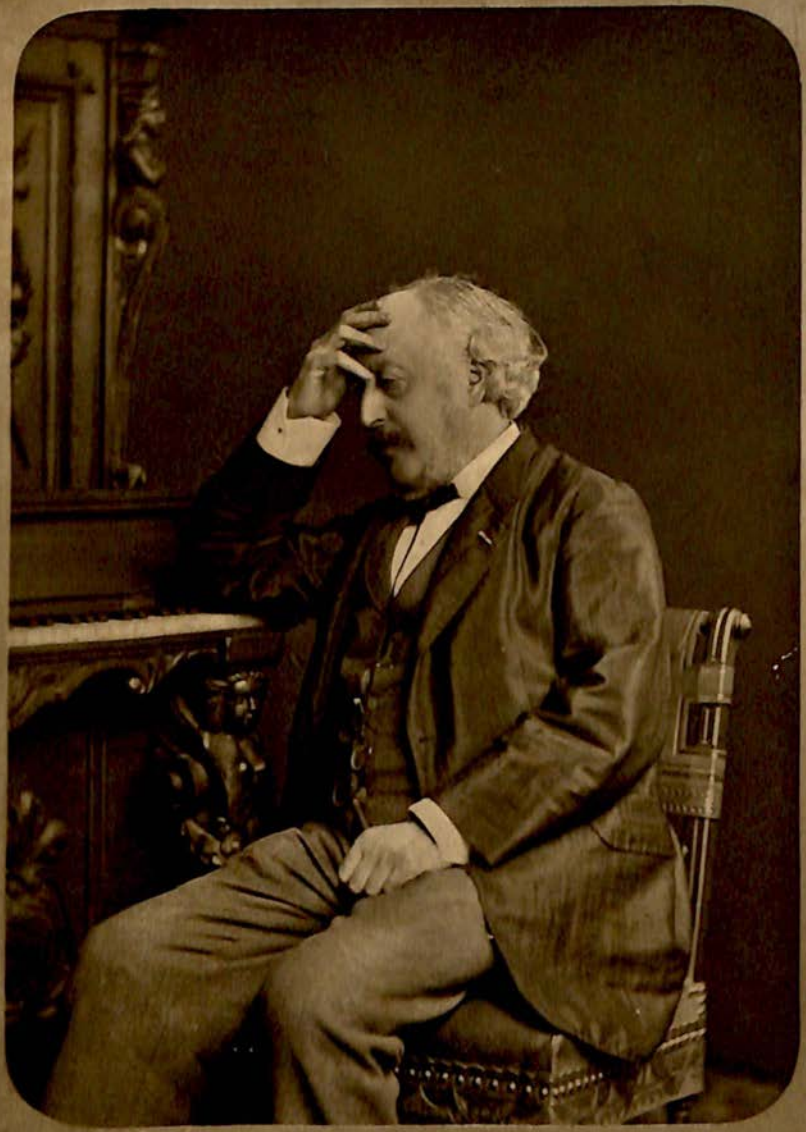

Stephen Heller

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BY

ROBERT BROWN-BORTHWICK,

Vicar of All Saints', Scarborough.

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LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY,

HANOVER SQUARE, W.

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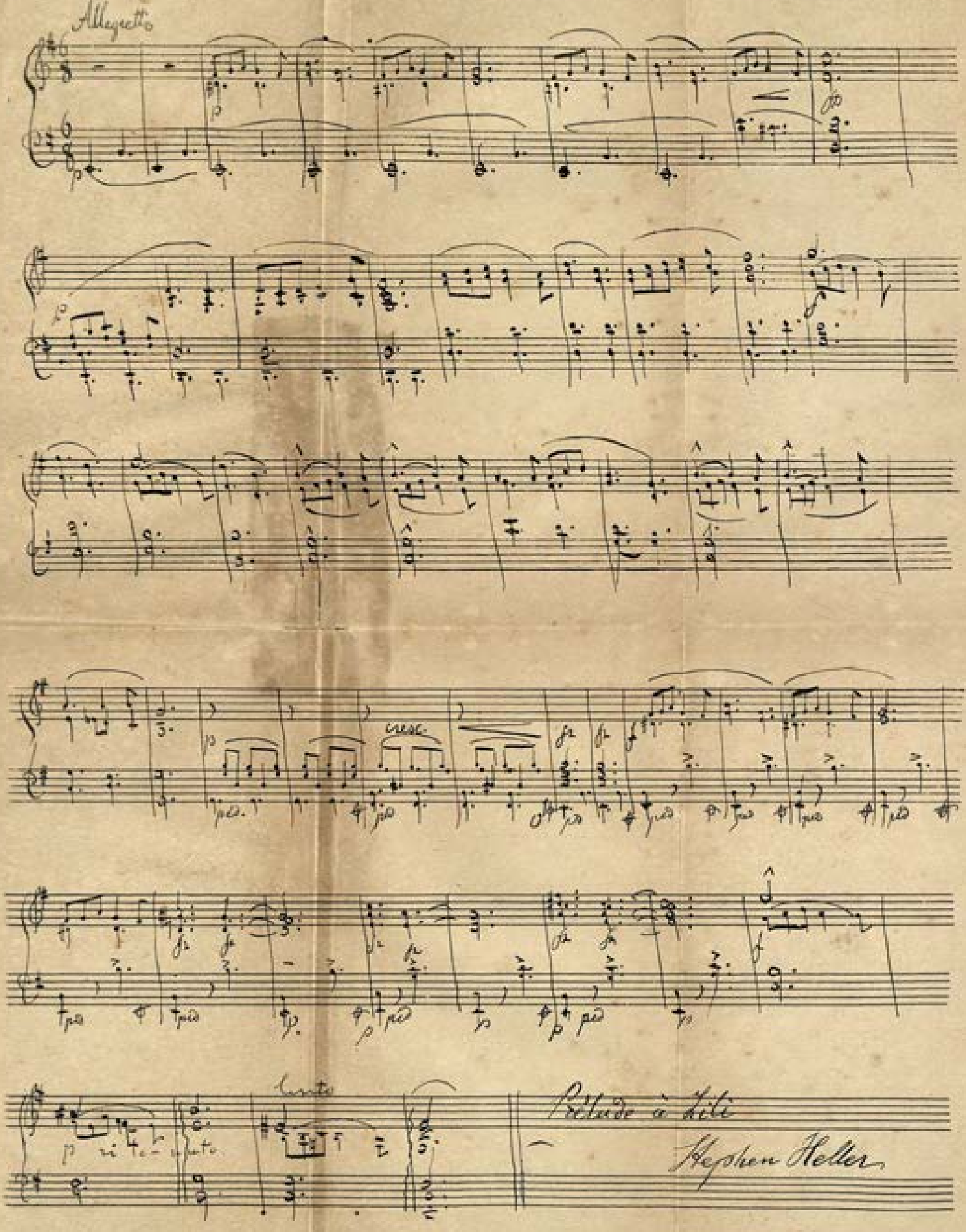
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INTRODUCTION.

IN the year 1866, the illustrious critic, M. Fétis, wrote thus of Stephen Heller:—"At a time of universal decadence like the present, when art has fallen as low as it inevitably must whenever public opinion and the moral tone of society have become debased—it is consoling to meet here and there with a well-tempered mind, powerful enough to resist the popular impulse and to manifest the force of its individuality by work which bears the impress of genius, thoughtfulness, and constructive skill. And whether this genius be expressed on a large scale or in miniature, its results are equally interesting, and will take their place among the monuments of the history of art.

"The courage of Stephen Heller in fulfilling his own special mission in his day and generation commands our admiration, all the more because he did not at first receive the appreciation which was his due; and also because, instead of being discouraged by the neglect to which he was subjected, he rose to a higher and higher level, and devoted himself day by day to cultivating, by sedulous work, the talent which God had given him.

"True poetry — without which all art is lifeless—can express itself as well in the sonnet as in the epic, since neither greatness nor beauty are measurable by rule or by size. Within the narrow limits of form to which Stephen Heller has confined the expression of his thoughts, there is no lack either of the one or the other. This is now universally recognised; for while the public is often unjust

to an unknown name, however great the signs of genius, it is always glad to welcome that of one who has triumphed over difficulties."

These words, true ten years ago, are now more than ever true; for Stephen Heller has won a well-deserved and world-wide reputation.

It is for this reason that we have placed at the head of our proposed "Studies on Contemporary Artists" the name of a composer for whose character and genius we have a strong and sympathetic admiration.

STEPHEN HELLER.

CHAPTER I.

STEPHEN HELLER was born at Pesth, in Hungary, on the 15th of May, 1815.

His name, however, as well as the character of his music, reveals his German origin.*

His father sent him to the college of the Piarist fathers; but the ruling passion of the child was his intense love of music. His first instructor in the art was not quite the man to lead his pupil into the path of the ideal, for he was a Bohemian bandsman of a regiment of artillery then quartered at Pesth. At a later period he was succeeded by a M. Franz Brauer —a better music master. At nine years of age

* His parents were both natives of Bohemia and were born near Eger. His grand-parents were Austrian.

Heller played with his master, at the Pesth theatre, a concerto by Dussek for two pianofortes. A few years later his passion for music, coupled with the successes he had achieved as a performer, induced his father to yield to his entreaties and the advice of friends, and he left his son free permission to enter upon the career towards which the young lad felt so irresistible a call. He was sent to Vienna to pursue his studies under Charles Czerny. But that celebrated musician demanded so exorbitant a remuneration that Heller was unable to procure from him more than a very few lessons. He became the pupil of another professor M. Antoine Halm—at that time famous at Vienna, not only as a good musician, but as one of the few friends of Beethoven, who had a very high regard for him.

In the year 1827, young Heller was playing at concerts in Vienna and at Pesth—being at that time between twelve and thirteen years old. And now commenced that Odyssey of wandering through Germany which was des-

tined one day to land him in Paris, where, like Chopin, he found his future home.

Accompanied by his father—who managed the financial and other business details of the tour—young Heller journeyed through Hungary, Poland, and Northern Germany, giving concerts. There was at that time a rage for infant prodigies, who swarmed all over the country. The boy had a brilliant touch, and the confidence of untried youth. Moreover, he had the rarer gift—that of improvisation. It was announced in the programmes that at the end of the concerts Stephen Heller would extemporize on themes suggested by the audience. These flights of fancy—*freie phantasie*, as they were called—captivated the public.

Whence came these lucubrations, of a youthful imagination, which none of the works of the great masters had suggested? The child knew nothing of Beethoven, and but little —scarcely anything—of Mozart or Haydn. He might have casually and inattentively listened to one of their quartets or symphonies

at Vienna; but he had never studied one of these master-pieces. His musical education had been confined exclusively to the correct execution of some of the concertos of Moscheles, Hummel, and Ries, several brilliant fantasias and some rondos by the same composers. He had practised a few airs with variations by Herz, and a few concert pieces by Kalkbrenner.

If this kind of life did not tend to form the musical taste of the young performer, it had its advantages in other respects. If it did not make him an artist, it at all events made a man of him. Young Heller was very observant and of a reflective turn of mind. His impressions stamped themselves indelibly on his brain; and later on when the true artist began to appear in his character and work, he had only to draw forth from this casket the rich stores which his memory had treasured up from early youth. If his fingers did but wander over the keys there burst forth a shower of melodies of which the sources lay far

back in these early impulses of a youthful heart and a precocious intellect.

There was nothing he did not see, no one he did not hear, during those three or four years when, like the young Wilhelm Meister, he served his apprenticeship to life on the stage of the wide world. He saw artists of every kind—some acknowledged as great by the whole world, some great only in their native village. He saw learned professors in famous universities, whose wives and daughters talked of Mozart and of Beethoven as their parents talked of Grotius and Puffendorf or of Virgil and Tacitus, and who played with rapture Herz's *Airs with Variations* and Steibelt's *Storm.*

Everybody in Germany cultivated music and affected to be an artist, from the prompter in the theatre at Dessau, who, because he was a German, had thought it necessary in self-respect to compose his share of Oratorios and Symphonies, to the President of the Supreme Court who was not above the com-

position of a sentimental "Lied." All these gave a hearty welcome to the young boy who knew so well how to express his thoughts upon the *forte-piano.*

While his father took charge of all the business arrangements of their campaign, and like a prudent general, maintained the invading troop at the enemy's cost, young Heller looked on, incessantly observing and classifying in his brain the various incidents of the moving panorama which in that world of strange contrasts, of Magyar and Sclave, was ever passing before his eye. He came into contact with Polish nobles, some proud of their race and steeped in the passions and vices of feudal times, others wiser, more enlightened and larger minded; with Russian princes, some of them despotic and tyrannical, adoring Voltaire and Rousseau and knouting women; others as finical and fastidious as a *petit-maitre* of the last century. He met patriots on the high road to exile bearing with them in their broken hearts the sacred image of their country. And on

approaching the more civilized regions of Germany, how often, past all count, was he beset by the innumerable horde of seedy journalists, unappreciated daubers, and unpublished composers!

Goethe has narrated for us the years of apprenticeship and the years of travel of Wilhelm Meister; and it is much to be deplored that Heller never committed *his* recollections to paper. For the impressions of childhood are ever the most vivid and enduring. It is the starting point of life; and many a resolution of ripened manhood is due to one of these impressions that has remained hidden in a corner of the brain. This it is which gives such a charm to the stories of the childhood of great heroes—real or fictitious.

After spending a winter at Cracow young Heller visited Breslau, Dresden, Leipzig, Magdeburg, Brunswick, Cassel, Hanover and Hamburg. Here he remained during the second winter and as usual gave concerts. But tired of this unsettled life he resolved

to return to Hungary accompanied by his father. Passing through Cassel, Frankfort, and Nuremburg, he reached Augsburg exhausted and ill. He was now nearly seventeen and began for the first time to realise that his musical education was not begun, but that he was merely a pianist with a brilliant touch, knowing nothing of art but what were called *Concert pieces.* A few lessons in harmony which he had received at Pesth from the aged organist Cibalka constituted his entire stock of musical science.

A lady of position and influence heard Heller play at a concert in Augsburg, and interested herself in the lad. Her children were just commencing the study of the pianoforte. He was requested to give them some lessons, and to take up his abode with them in the capacity of a friend. His father left him with this family, and returned to his own home at Pesth. Just about this time a French composer named Chélard, who had written music to *Macbeth*, was director of the

opera at Augsburg. Heller for some time placed himself under his tuition in composition. But the acquaintance that was most serviceable to him was that of Count Fugger, a descendant of the illustrious family of that name. The count was a leading man in society and in high command in the Bavarian army. His military talents were far from being appreciated by his fellow-soldiers; but he was a man of immense reading and possessed a rich general and musical library. He was moreover a philosopher, and a Christian in the highest sense of the word. He it was who first opened the eyes of Heller to the mistaken path in which he had been led. He placed the treasures of his library at his disposal. The sonatas of Beethoven revealed to him at once a hitherto undiscovered world. And the moment was opportune, for the young artist was just beginning to be disgusted with his profession of concert-giver. He had a vague feeling that he was not pursuing the paths of true art. He began to study the literature of his

art, and to make himself acquainted with the masterpieces of ancient music as well as with the works of good modern composers. He began to love—even to adore—Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn; later on he became enamoured of Mendelssohn and Chopin. He was the first to play at Augsburg the works of Chopin, but—it must be admitted—without success. Chopin's day was yet to come. Heller then tried composition. He wrote several pianoforte solos as well as concerted pieces, and set to music words by Goethe, Heine, Rückert and Uhland.

After a few years passed in this way he went to visit his parents at Pesth. But he did not remain long, and returned to his dear Augsburg, there to give himself up entirely to study.

In the year 1836 he happened to see a number of a newspaper called *Zeitschrift*, which was edited at Leipsic by Schumann, who offered therein to criticise the manuscript compositions of any young composers who

might be disposed to forward them to him for that purpose. Heller had written and published, during his travels, five or six airs with variations, as well as some rondos and fantasias. But, after his more serious studies at Augsburg, he had written a scherzo and three impromptus (Op. 7 and 8), which were of a very different stamp. He forwarded them, with a letter, to Schumann. The mäster's interest was aroused, and he sent for Heller's first six works, in which, however, he told him that he failed to find the high standard of excellence which Ops. 7 and 8 displayed. He delighted the young composer by informing him that he had persuaded Kistner, of Leipsic, to publish these two manuscripts. Heller did not know a single note of Schumann's music; indeed, he was under the impression that he was a purely theoretical critic. They then commenced a correspondence which was kept up till within a few years of the last illness of that great composer. Schumann was full of kindness to

young Heller, and lavished upon him much encouragement. Another work, Sonata Op. 9, was published by Kistner, through the mediation of Schumann. It has never been reprinted in France. Stephen Heller long treasured Schumann's letters; but, unfortunately, he lost them during a removal, and was deeply grieved that he could not therefore hand them to Madame Schumann when she was preparing the biography of her husband.

In 1837 Kalkbrenner came to Augsburg, and condescended to play a duet with Stephen Heller at a concert. He persuaded the latter to complete his education as a pianist by some years of study under himself. Heller, like every one, was captivated by his brilliant and elegant touch, and considered him, along with Moscheles, whom he had heard at Vienna, the most marvellous of pianists. Schumann, too, did not fail to urge him to work hard at the pianoforte, and assured him that nothing was so important as to be able

to play his own compositions in a masterly way; that no one can interpret a composer's ideas so well as himself, and thus that, at whatever cost, he must labour to acquire the mechanical power of doing so.

The counsels of Schumann on the one hand, combined with the Parisian eloquence of Kalkbrenner on the other, promising Heller, if he came to Paris, the aid of the constant advice, friendship, and influence of his protector, decided him to quit the beloved scene of his calm and peaceful studies. He bade adieu, for ever, to that sweet and undisturbed life, where cares were unknown.

This sacrifice was rendered less bitter than it would have been by the death of Count Fugger. In losing him Heller lost more than a friend; for the count had been to him like a father, and without him Augsburg seemed no longer Augsburg. Count Fugger had promised to bequeath to Heller his library and his pianofortes; but the family were probably ignorant of this promise, and their relative

having died intestate, his rich treasures were dispersed by his heirs.

Heller arrived in Paris in October 1838, with but a modest sum in his pocket, and destitute of other resources. He called upon Kalkbrenner, from whom he received two or three lessons, but was soon obliged to discontinue them; for the master's terms were peculiar. He required that the young artist should pay £20 a year; should undertake to remain five years under his direction, which consisted in passing a monthly examination—for he was relegated, as far as teaching was concerned, to one of Kalkbrenner's pupils; and that he should publish nothing without the professor's consent, lest the pupil should compromise the reputation of his teacher!

The first years of Heller's sojourn in Paris were melancholy ones. For he was by nature proud, reserved, with a shyness he found it impossible to overcome. Moreover, he clung passionately to independence of thought and action. He declined to purchase the satis-

faction of his self-esteem at the price of that independence. On his arrival in Paris it was in his power, had he chosen, to attach himself to those who were powerful, or in the way to become so Those who frequented the salons to which he might have had the *entrée* have since then risen to high positions in the world of finance, of diplomacy, of statesmanship, and even of art. Indeed, the *entrée* to the receptions of a few great ladies of the period, at the commencement of the reign of Louis Philippe, was a passport to certain distinction of one kind or another. And gifted, as Heller was, with a handsome countenance, a noble bearing, and very attractive qualities, he was certain, had he followed the example of others, to arrive at speedy distinction. But Heller was not made of such stuff. He preferred to plough his own furrow, unaided. And he did so, but slowly indeed, and at the cost of many disappointments. He loved art for its own sake, not for the sake of what it brought him. He was unversed in those polite insin-

cerities which are the passports to society. He loved simplicity and straightforwardness in everything. He would not allow that principles should be sacrificed to the supposed necessities of the moment. He made very little use, therefore, of great people, but went through the world closely observing all around him; and repudiating the advice of so-called practical people, withdrew into himself. Moreover, the few attempts that he had made to bring himself forward in a legitimate way had not been encouraging. For when he came to Paris the taste for pianoforte music had not developed as it has done during the last ten years. Heller had once or twice played to a small company his Scherzo, Op. 24, and his Studies, Op. 16, etc. The delicate beauties of this music had not been appreciated by his audience. And so he gave up playing altogether; and it is astonishing how, in spite of this, his works have become known. For when an artist does not risk the production of his own works, his friends must work for him:

The artists are few and far between who were willing to introduce his works to the public. And yet the works of Heller abound with the very elements of success, for any artist who has the power and the will to interpret them. The eminent pianist, Charles Hallé, at that time settled in Paris, where he was highly esteemed and appreciated, was one of the few artists who dared to play the music of Stephen Heller in public. M. Charles Hallé, having lost many of his friends by the events of 1848, removed to London, where he now occupies a high position as an artist. He is a finished pianist and a great musician. He not only played the minor pieces of Heller, but also his *Caprice Symphonique*, Op. 28.*

It is, however, a fact that in whatever way it has come to pass, the music of Stephen

* Among the few artists who have contributed to the popularity of Heller's music, is M. Lecouppey, the eminent Professor of the Conservatoire of Paris, who was the first among his colleagues to place the compositions of Heller on the list of the authorized standard music of that institution.

Heller is now—without any effort of his own—of world-wide renown. It is published in Germany, in England, and in France. The moment seems to have arrived when we can take a bird's-eye view of the life and work of this great artist, who is destined to become more and more appreciated as he becomes more and more known, and who will leave behind him an undying name in the history of music.

CHAPTER II.

THE works of Heller are at least as important as those of Chopin. With the exception of the "Concerto," the "Trio," and the "Mazurka," he has attempted the same class of compositions. The "Study," the "Prelude," the "Sonata," the "Scherzo," the "Impromptu," the "Ballade," the "Nocturne," the "Waltz," the "Tarantella," the "Polonaise"—these are the forms most familiar in his writings. In every one of these he has been even more prolific than Chopin.

Like Chopin, he comes of a nationality sympathetic with France, of a race remarkable for musical talent. Chopin is Sclavonic; Heller is a Hungarian. But his music, let us say at once, is altogether German in character, and does not betray his origin. We have tried in vain to discover in his numerous compositions any trace of his nationality, of that

colouring peculiar to the popular songs of Hungary, or even an echo of any of those Zingari melodies so common throughout his native country, and so wild and peculiar in their effect. Only in his *Album dédié à la Jeunesse* do we find some faint trace of them; and perhaps a little more markedly in one of the *Phantasie-stücke* which are dedicated to Madame Berthold Damcke. One exception, however, must be made; for we find this character unmistakably in a beautiful Polonaise, of which we shall have to speak hereafter.

Like Chopin, Heller has written for the pianoforte only. Like him, too, his compositions are all original, and with the exception of a few of his earliest works, he has not yielded to the temptation of contemporary pianists who display their musical skill by more or less brilliant variations upon operatic airs.

Like Chopin, again, Heller is a dreamer, a poet, a "Penseroso." Like him, he has a horror of vulgarity; his "form" is exquisite,

his idea always noble; and yet Chopin has acquired a brilliant fame, which has not yet followed Stephen Heller.

Let us enquire into the causes of this difference in their destinies. We shall find them first in their circumstances, and secondly in some characteristic differences in the genius of the two men.

Chopin came to France at a time when the enthusiasm of the French for Poland and the Poles was at its height. His own fate was associated with that of an unfortunate people. To sympathising hearts and lively imaginations he appeared to wear the martyr's crown. He had the mysterious fascination of a visitor from a distant country. Chopin fell upon the Age of Romanticism, and his life was a romance. A blighted love, a lost country, health so feeble that his life seemed but a breath—what more was needed to touch the hearts of beautiful duchesses, who prided themselves upon being called his pupils, and crowded around his pianoforte whenever he condescended to let

his fingers roam over the keys. His very death was romantic, and added to his fame. That bed heaped up with flowers, the great ladies weeping around his pallet, the soul exhaling like a breath of air from the body which had scarcely held it prisoner—all this was a romance in itself.

Such circumstances gave to the music of Chopin an unprecedented celebrity and success. Everybody wished to be called pupil of a master who had had but few. Every one wanted to play his music, though there were few indeed who could comprehend and master its inmost significance. Moreover, his music had in it all the elements which suited that romantic period. Chopin was one of the despairing heroes of his age. His tones had about them an element of deep tragedy; and as his sorrows were real, they found a ready echo in the hearts of men. This, too, must be remembered: Chopin was a man of high position. His very despair was lofty and aristocratic. His music was essentially the music

of the *salon*. It must, however, be conceded that it was not his greatest works that the public most appreciated at first, but his short, yet most exquisite, pieces—his Mazurkas, Waltzes, and one or two of his Nocturnes. By-and-bye his more important works came into vogue, when players found how well adapted they were to the display of their execution. Ever since they have been in constant demand.

Heller has not, perhaps, attained the great artistic originality of Chopin. But his music deserves to be classed in very close proximity to that of his illustrious rival. How is it, then, that justice has been so tardily rendered to its merits?

Partly, perhaps, because he came to Paris unknown, and by his own choice remained unknown. He did not play his own music. There was no romance about his history. But there is another reason inherent in the very character of his music. At the very moment when there was a *furore* for great execution, Heller had declared war against it. He never

would worship that false goddess. In his compositions all is deep feeling, not display. Moreover, though his music is melancholy, it is not tragic. His sorrow is modest; it shrinks from demonstrativeness. Chopin's music has something domineering and imposing about it; Heller's, fine as it is, is more chastened and self-controlled. His is the music of the fireside, of the hours of retirement and meditation. But the day will come when, without professing to rival Chopin's, it will be no less popular, and yet better known.

CHAPTER III.

STEPHEN HELLER'S compositions consist of about 150 works, some of them containing many numbers. In these productions, as in the generality of those of composers whose work has been spread over many years, we find not so much a succession of different styles as a succession of varieties of the same style. Few have been without these changes, which result from a law of nature.

In the first part of his career we find him, as it were, feeling his way. He is compelled, in order to obtain a hearing, to give way to the spirit of the age, and to compose fantasias and variations upon fashionable themes. He desires, nevertheless, to retain his individuality, and from time to time he ventures upon something original—an impromptu, or a characteristic piece. In these it was that the true artist began to reveal himself. But his style

was scarcely yet formed, and his true self was not completely shown. This was but the earnest of what was to come.

But it was not long before the composer attained to self-mastery. And soon a rich harvest of compositions, finished with perfect taste, began to appear. The ideas were clear, and they were conscientiously worked out. The style had taken shape; it had developed, and revealed the individuality of the author. It was the summer of his life. And although the works of that happy time are not those upon which the author himself sets the highest value, such works are almost always those which are endorsed by posterity. For when the autumn of life is reached, the ideas have neither the freshness of youth nor the force, precision, and strength of the noontide of life. Even great composers are then apt to yield to the temptation of casting about for new paths, and venturing upon untried experiments.

Heller has not yet arrived at this stage, for he has not yet passed through the "three

styles;" he has not completed the cycle of artistic development. But his life-work is already sufficiently great and developed for us to survey its influence with profit.

The outset of a composer's career and work can never form the subject of a serious monograph. For how often have the most brilliant promises ended in the most melancholy failures! And, on the other hand, how often have seemingly humble and modest abilities grown to the proportions of genius!

When, however, an artist has passed the springtide of his career, and yielded some harvest, his work may be profitably studied; for we have an organic whole at which to look. It can be analysed; its various elements can be discovered; the proportions in which they are combined can be registered; and, in fine, a definite rank assigned to him in the history of his art.

CHAPTER IV.

STEPHEN HELLER is certainly a disciple of Mendelssohn. And yet he has a style of his own, a real originality. Let us explain our meaning.

Mendelssohn was undoubtedly the great musical educator of our day. No living musician has escaped his influence. And even those who aim at the most entire originality betray unconsciously the effects upon themselves of his great genius. Schumann, who wielded in turn the sceptre of music in Germany, is his direct successor, and the composers who in our own time are aspiring to the foremost rank in European music, such as Raff, Brahms, and Rubinstein, are to a certain extent his disciples.*

* As far as dramatic music is concerned, the influence of Weber has been greater. Meyerbeer certainly proceeds from Weber, as does also Wagner. With us Gounod, on the other hand, owes more to the influence of Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn had all the qualities requisite for occupying the high-priesthood of music which had before been held by Sebastian Bach and Händel. His personal appearance was dignified and noble; his domestic virtues won the esteem of all; he was rich; his connections with the world of music were unbounded; favoured by fortune he had amassed treasures of literary and musical lore which made him the most learned and accomplished musician of his time. He practiced his art with the fervour of a priest ministering in the order of his course. He never spoke of it but in terms of devout reverence, and he himself never published a single composition till it had received the last touch of careful elaboration. He was scrupulously careful as to "form," and his most trifling Lieder are as perfectly elaborated and as delicately finished as his greatest works.

His compositions were received by the public with never-failing cordiality. Foreign artists came to the Gewandhaus to have their

musical reputation consecrated under his bâton. The greatest composers craved his counsel.

He certainly played the rôle of sovereign pontiff unchallenged. Never since his day has there appeared so grand a figure. Schumann was too one-sided to inherit all his authority. One who was destined to end his days with loss of reason could never aspire to the place of that calm and mighty master.

Did, then, Mendelssohn deserve that high place by an originality so great as to make him the revealer, the prophet of a new order of things? Let us try to define what originality in art really is. The first man who dreamed of tracing figures upon the sand, who moulded the clay with his fingers to reproduce the forms which arrested his sight; the first who, either with his voice or by mechanical art, tried to imitate the songs of the birds, such an one was without doubt the first, the most original of all artists. And yet he, too, had a master—even nature. Those who came after him improved upon his invention, and

doubtless, even in thus improving, stamped upon their work some impress of their own originality. But in all their work there appeared still that which had been found out by the original inventor. It is ever thus. Haydn and Mozart are the offspring of the Italian masters. And Beethoven is derived from Haydn and Mozart.

And so Mendelssohn profited by all who went before him. He amalgamated all that was severe in Bach with all that was romantic in Weber; and yet notwithstanding what M. Fétis has said of him—he created a style of his own, a style on which he fixed his own imprint, a style which is peculiarly his own, and is neither that of Bach nor of Weber. An artist's originality is made in part out of the originality of his predecessors. It is thus that the chemist from known substances compounds hitherto unknown ones. Nevertheless, the originality of an artist is of immense importance. And it is this individuality of an artist that stamps upon his work a character of its own. Is

his temperament calm, his soul meditative and dreamy? Even so his music. Is he by nature feverish, nervous, excitable? You will find his character reproduced in his works. The circumstances in his life too are important. Works of art will have a different impress according as they are produced in quiet or in troubled times, in the bosom of peaceful and well-regulated social life, or in the throng of events which make life complicated and trying.

This theory would require much space for its full exposition. Suffice it to say, in returning to our subject, that in the work of a great master three classes of elements must be taken into account by the critic. First, those which combine to form his style. Of these the major part are traditional; and however skilful may be the combination, it is always possible to distinguish that which is traditional from that which is strictly the author's own. Next come the elements which are derived from the artist's own temperament. It is these which make up real originality; for, as to the third

class of elements—those which arise out of his surroundings and his outward circumstances —these are usually subordinated to the individual nature, which ever looks upon things from its own point of view. One will remain comparatively unmoved in the midst of distracting surroundings; another will be agitated by the most trivial incident, even when all around is peace.

We can verify this theory by applying it to the case of Schumann. The style of this composer is derived from tradition, traceable through Mendelssohn to Weber, to Bach, and yet further. It is possible to distinguish the elements which combined to form his style; but the true source of his originality is his temperament; a temperament ill-balanced, ill-adjusted, stimulating him sometimes to the most sublime conceptions, at other times restricting him to a region where the atmosphere is oppressive, where utterance seems to fail, where imagination can no longer embody itself in any definite form. Schumann one day

bursts upon us resplendent with light; on the morrow he is veiled in the gloomiest shadow. He is one of the strangest figures that ever tempted the pen of a biographer or a critic. His life was a romance, a romance with a tragical end. Yet he is one of the greatest of artists, one who has exercised, as he still does, and will continue to do, a widespread influence.

If we have digressed from Heller to speak of Mendelssohn and Schumann, it is because it seems to us difficult to treat of the former without some notice of the two great masters whom he seems to follow. One remarkable fact must be mentioned. When Stephen Heller submitted his first attempts to Schumann, the latter was struck by some points of resemblance between his own music and that of the young composer. But Heller was at the time unacquainted with a single note of Schumann's music, and took him simply for a critic. It is from Mendelssohn above all that his style is derived; his affinity with Schumann seems to us to consist merely in occasional *suggestions*

which recall him. Yet, having once acknowledged his artistic kinsmanship, let us hasten to add that Heller's style is no mere copy of another; it is stamped, to the highest extent, with that real originality which is the offspring of character and temperament.

CHAPTER V.

IN the catalogue of Stephen Heller's works, published at Leipsic in 1868, and completed up to the present time (1876), we find a series of about forty pieces of a character altogether peculiar to themselves. They are those founded on the works of others—caprices, rondos, improvisations, and variations upon operatic or other well-known airs. And these again we might sub-classify. Some are the works of his youth, before his style became formed, when he was doubtful of himself—timid essays upon the works of others. This is the only way in which a beginner can attract notice and take up a position in which hereafter he can display his true character. And it is necessary to take into consideration the circumstances which have induced even the greatest composers to publish productions of this kind. The taste for music is universal, but that taste

is far from a pure one. The public as a whole is much more ready to welcome trifles, such as variations upon some theme which has caught the popular ear, than serious work put together with learning and skill. The latter is valued only by the few who are true musicians. Such compositions, if a publisher undertakes their risk, must be floated by a mass of lesser works made to suit the popular taste, such as will indemnify him for the outlay on the greater ones. It is only when a composer has once made his name and has thus acquired a celebrity that will command a sale for all he produces that the publisher will give him free course and cease to tie him down with galling and disheartening conditions. Thus it was that even such great masters as Beethoven and Mozart condescended to give publicity to such secondary works as their Rondos and Airs with variations with which the public were pleased and which helped the sale of their masterpieces.

Heller did not escape this lot. He was

induced to compose—at the instance of publishers—Caprices, Impromptus, Variations upon the operas then in vogue, such as those of Auber, Halévy, Monsigny's "Deserter," Felicien David's "Desert," Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and the melodies of Reber, which were at that time highly prized. Perhaps he now regrets that these ever saw the light. But without these his greater works could never have made their way. And yet many of these minor pieces are truly charming, and in all of them may be discerned the elegance and purity which form the peculiar charm of Heller's genius.

Some among these certainly he ought not to regret, for they are the echoes of his personal feeling. They are those suggested by the works of masters for whom he has ever professed a kind of worship—Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven.

Schubert's melodies are an inexhaustible mine. None need blush or be wearied in the task of delving for some of the priceless pearls in that treasury, that he may call upon the

public to listen to that which is so beautiful that, in whatever setting, it must be enchanting. Heller did no fruitless work when he published ten caprices on the best-known melodies of that great master, together with an album of thirty-three of Schubert's Lieder, transcribed as only Heller could have transcribed them.

But it is to those which were inspired by Mendelssohn that we may most profitably direct attention. We do not allude to the Caprices upon his melodies (Op. 67 and 72), but to three works which seem to us of the first importance —Op. 69, 76 and 77.

Op. 69 is called "Fantasia in the Sonata form" and is founded upon the popular air, "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath." In taking for his subject this very simple melody, to which he closely adheres, and in adopting it by simple modifications of its rhythm to suit the requirements of the Andante, the Scherzo, and the Finale, Heller has provided an interesting and beautiful composition, and so completely has he emancipated himself from his own style,

that the piece might easily be passed off, to an inexperienced hearer, as an original work of Mendelssohn.

The same remark might be applied to Op. 76— a caprice founded on the airs of the opera called "Son and Stranger," which goes a step further than the other and is still better Mendelssohn.

In Saltarello, Op. 77, founded on a movement from the Fourth Symphony, Heller has shown more of his own work. This, however, with the two last-named compositions, makes up a whole of the highest importance. Heller has attempted the same kind of work in his five studies on "Freischütz." Here we find the style of Weber, and of Weber at his best. In Op. 127 Heller has marvellously reproduced the method and the very features of the original, and has set a model to all those who desire to *illustrate*, as the fashionable word is, the immortal works of the great masters. In Op. 130 and 133, he has done the same by Beethoven. In Op. 130 he has taken as his

subject, on which he builds thirty variations, one which Beethoven himself had similarly used. In Op. 133 his subject is the Andante of the Sonata in F minor. And admirably it is done. These two works require for their interpretation an executant of the first order. They are distinguished by their profound knowledge of Beethoven's style—of whose works a large number are capable of an endless variety of treatment at the hands of the cunning artificer.

These two are among the most remarkable of Heller's works; and here again we cannot but admire the triumphant way in which he has acquitted himself in a most perilous experiment.

CHAPTER VI.

ALTHOUGH Heller has shown especial preference for works on a small scale, he has composed some of greater magnitude, and has displayed in them so much ability that we cannot help wondering by what train of circumstances a man of such noble powers has not more frequently allowed his genius a higher flight and a wider range.

We have more than once shown our preference for that fine form of composition called the Sonata, a form in which all great works are cast, from its simplest expression in the pianoforte Sonata up to the orchestral Symphony. The Sonata is so diversified that each movement can be detached and elaborated into an extensive work, so that the Andante, the Scherzo, the Rondo, each separately developed, are works of themselves in which the composer can employ the most varied resources of his art.

Let us see what Heller has done in his use of the Sonata and its derivatives.

The first sonata (Op. 9), is written in a most elaborate form, but to our mind lacks melody. When the author wrote it, he sent it, movement by movement, to Schumann. That illustrious critic and composer, while recognizing in it the germ of real musical ability, nevertheless was sparing in his praise of this work, of which he published an analysis in his musical newspaper.

The second Sonata, Op. 65, is the work of one who knows his own power. Its style is decisive and concentrated, and there is a loftiness about the whole work. But there is a want of definiteness and variety in the melody. In the first movement the subject is more of a formula than a melody, and to this the composer adheres faithfully to the end. It is splendidly developed, but the style is somewhat uneven and its general character rather sombre. The melody of the Andante partakes of the same character, and so does the Intermezzo. In the

Trio the same formula re-appears that opened the sonata. The Epilogue appears to us the best movement, and displays great energy. Such is our impression of this work, a work most remarkable from many points of view, but the capital defect of which seems to us to be a too great sameness in style.

The third Sonata (Op. 88), is less connected in style and not so fully developed. But there is a charm in every movement, and the entire work strikes us as one of Heller's finest inspirations. The first movement is brimful of melody, and in it the composer introduces an element rarely found save in the concerto—a kind of cadence that prepares the conclusion. But this artifice is employed here with so much skill and discretion that it does not alter the character of the piece. The Scherzo oscillates between the triple time which has some resemblance to a Tarantella and a more accented triple time. The effect thus produced is charming. The Allegretto, very soberly developed, is full of a melancholy poetry. The

Finale is very short, and carries one completely away by its brilliancy and dash. These differences of colouring in the movements are most happy, and sustain the attention unflagging from beginning to end.

Heller has published four Scherzos. The first (Op. 8), dedicated to Robert Schumann, is written with care and purity. It displays tenderness of a high order and affords promise of future greatness, but it has been surpassed by subsequent compositions.

Op. 24, dedicated to Liszt, is full of freshness, youth and originality. It is evidently a work written in the spring-time of life, when all is sunny and smiling. The *Scherzo Fantastique* (Op. 57), is of a less serene character. It answers well to its title, and contains some extremely original points. The whole of the first movement exhibits a rare knowledge of rhythm and some ravishing contrasts. The middle part is very weird, and in looking at the work as a whole we cannot but regret that it was not scored for full orchestra, for the capa-

bilities of which it displays most ample and tempting material.

The fourth Scherzo (Op. 108), is pianoforte music proper. It is lovely work, and may rival the best efforts of Chopin in its own way.

We now come to a class of compositions which must be treated by themselves. We refer to his great *Caprices*—pieces without precedent in their character. In these remarkable productions Heller's individuality comes out very strongly—an originality which is all his own. Here he is under obligations to no predecessor.

The *Caprice* (Op. 27) opens with a beautiful introduction of the loftiest and grandest character. The Presto is overwhelming in its brilliancy; and although the melody is not extremely striking, it is ingeniously developed and the effects are so *piquant* and unexpected, that the attention is never allowed to flag.

The *Caprice Symphonique* (Op. 28) is conceived on an extended scale. The treatment is brilliant, the melodies extremely fine, and

the workmanship learned without being dry. This long piece draws to a close, in the major key, with a beautiful melody *à la* Mendelssohn, which expands into a dazzling coda. At the time when Charles Hallé first introduced this piece to his audiences, musical education was not advanced enough to appreciate it at its real worth.

The *Presto Capriccioso* (Op. 64) is nearly as elaborately developed, but in a totally different style. Nothing can be more ingenious than this lovely piece, which abounds in delightful melodies, exquisite passages, and poetical inspirations. It is a marvel of beauty from the first note to the last.

The *Caprice Humoristique* (Op. 112) is not so fully developed. The *Mezzo Canto* is a little disconnected; but the first movement, reproduced with slight changes, towards the close, is sparkling with dashing and unexpected changes.

The pianoforte *Fantasia* (Op. 54) is a vigorous piece, full of energy, and altogether a fine work. It closes with a brilliant coda.

The *Fantaisie Caprice* (Op. 113) is less to our liking. Notwithstanding many interesting passages, it lacks vigour and pleasing effect.

The musician who could write the *Sonata* (Op. 88), the *Scherzo Fantastique*, the four *Caprices*, and the *Fantaisie* (Op. 54), was evidently gifted by nature for the composition of works of far greater magnitude. How, then, comes it, that he has so often confined his genius to the production of little pieces? How is it that he has restricted himself to the easel, when he might have immortalized himself in the larger expanses of the fresco?

Perhaps the answer might furnish a melancholy story—that of too many artists repelled by the difficulties of life, reduced to find it all but impossible to gain a hearing, unless they restrict themselves to a limited sphere, and yield to prejudices against which they have not energy enough to contend.

CHAPTER VII.

"STEPHEN HELLER," says M. Fétis, "is naturally contemplative. A lover of solitude, he avoids the vulgarity as well of the drawing-room as of the street. He lives among his own thoughts, with the poets his every-day companions. He works at his own time, and as fancy takes him. His contemplations are not always sad, as one might fancy from his appearance and conversation. Nothing better proves the variety of his impressions, than the varied character of his compositions. He renders with equal success the dash of the scherzo, of the chase, or of the waltz, the sweet calm of the Pastorale, the elegant involutions of the Arabesque, the wantonness of the Tarantella; fiery passion, side by side with serene tenderness; the freshness of morning with the evening repose. His free fancy is at home in them all."

Heller has composed a great number of waltzes. In the first five (Ops. 42, 43, 44, 59, 62) the influence of Chopin is perceptible. The divisions and development are alike; there is the same peculiarity in the form; poetry in the conception of them all. The whole five might have been signed Chopin, without fear of question, and would be called masterpieces. Without giving so lofty a title to pieces of a class which has never had pretensions to sublimity, let us say that these waltzes will not suffer by comparison with those of the Polish master; and that the only fault, if fault it be, which could be laid to their charge, is that of recalling too closely an original allowed to be inimitable. The two waltzes (Op. 93) dedicated to M. Antonin Marmontel, are of a more personal character, so to speak, and are tinged with a more melancholy tone. Both these characteristics are still more perceptible in the Valse-rêveries (Op. 122), nine in number. They are very short, full of sentiment, and, except the rhythm, have nothing in common

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with the waltz proper. They would please lovers of the contemplative better than Heller's earlier and more brilliant works.

The twelve Ländler which make up Op. 97 have a peculiar flavour. Pieces of this kind do not admit of lengthened treatment. They belong to a popular form which some German composers have frequently treated very happily.

Heller's are Viennese in character. No. 7 reminds us of one of Schubert's, who was fond of this sort of composition. In Op. 107 the composer has endeavoured to develope this form a little more, and he has thus produced a collection of pieces original and elevated in style, but hardly corresponding to their title.

Heller has been more prolific than Chopin, who only wrote one Tarantella. For he has written seven Tarantellas and one Vénitienne, which is indeed only another variety of the same. The Vénitienne (Op. 52) and the Tarantella (Op. 53) are those we like the best. They have all the dash and sparkle that belong to these forms. In his Tarantellas,

dedicated to Madame Schumann, and in the two Op. 137 Heller has tried to escape from conventionality. How far, it may be asked, has he succeeded? It is very difficult to give an original turn to an accepted and almost stereotyped form.

The Polonaise is a much higher class of composition than either the Waltz or the Tarantella. The rhythm is full of dignity, and allows to the imagination a bolder flight. We much regret that Heller has only written three Polonaises (Op. 104 and 132). The first is distinguished by a chivalric measure, at once bold and elegant. Its only drawback is a certain vagueness in the melody of the middle movement. At the same time this vagueness creates an expectation and desire of the return of the subject which re-enters with great effect. In the two pieces of Op. 132, especially in the first, the composer rises almost to the sublime. The Polonaise in F minor reminds us of Chopin's best inspirations. There is in this remarkable composition a stately

boldness of movement, a precision of idea, and a nobility of sentiment such as are rarely found. The composer has caught exactly the national character of that martial measure. He has rarely displayed greater energy and originality. The Polonaise in A minor is not so lofty, but is also a noble work.

In short, in what is commonly called Dance Music, especially in the Waltzes and the Polonaise, Heller has ventured, not without success, to compete with Chopin. Certainly his first five Waltzes and his Polonaises are worthy of that great and lamented composer.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE very name *Impromptu* recalls the delightful productions of Chopin. And Heller has not deviated much from the forms he adopted. He usually opens with a rapid and agitated movement, which is succeeded by a *Mezzo Canto*, and finishes with a recurrence to the original subject. His *Impromptus* are among the very best of his works. Op. 84, *Allegro Vivace*, with single notes repeated alternately by each hand, and the two Impromptus, Op. 129, which are more original and tinged with a poetic tenderness, may be instanced. And among the *Impromptus* we might include two *Intermèdes* (Op. 135), which are both similar in plan, and are both truly exquisite.

Of a different style are his four *Phantasie-Stücke* (Op. 99), dedicated to Madame Damcke,

which may be classed as *Impromptus*, and are very fine. The first two are the most interesting; the third, Hungarian in style, is less so; and the fourth, a kind of recitative, would be perfect but for its being twice interrupted by a rather abrupt $\frac{2}{4}$ movement, which is wanting in dignity.

CHAPTER IX.

HELLER'S Nocturnes are not equal to those of Chopin, which are almost unapproachable in their perfection and finish.

In this class of composition (Op. 91, 103, 131), he has launched out in fresh waters. It is certain that No. 2 of Op. 91 is quite *sui generis*. No. 1 of Op. 131, the most beautiful of all, is interrupted by the introduction of a very lively tarantella movement, the effect of which is peculiar. No. 3 opens as a polonaise, and ends with a brilliancy unusual in that class of composition.

For originality, we prefer No. 3 of Op. 91, called *Nocturne-Sérénade*, dedicated to Mademoiselle Ninette Falck, a very effective composition of a most poetical character, but which is really simply a serenade, and a very beautiful one too.

The title *Sérénade* belongs legitimately only to Op. 56. This is one of our author's best-known works. It is highly developed, full of charming points; and it dates from a period when the composer was pursuing, with careful precision, the methods of composition which have made his style so well-marked. We notice in it a particular method of modulation, which gives to his music a character of its own, such as the alternate use of one hand, a practice which Mendelssohn had almost reduced to a system, as well as a mode of treatment of the melody in octaves by both hands at once. Heller's *Sérénade* merits a place among his best productions. But it is music that appeals to the refined, and is not attractive to the public at large.

In the *Ballade* style we find two works, three pieces (Op. 121) dedicated to M. Vincent Adler (*Ballade, Conte, Rêve du gondolier*), and Op. 115, three *Ballades* dedicated to M. Auber. This last work, in a somewhat severe style, is interesting as a study; but Op. 121 will be

more popular. The *Ballade* and the *Conte* are instinct with catching melody, happy turns, and poetic fire. The *Rêve du gondolier* is somewhat abruptly closed, but yet full of charms.

The two *Canzonettes* (Op. 60 and 100) were composed at long intervals; and we confess our inability to know why they were thus intituled. The Italian *Canzonette* is generally very short, and with a popular rhythm. The form adopted by Heller is just the reverse, and is elaborately and learnedly developed. Of these two works, we prefer the first (Op. 60). It is extremely interesting, notwithstanding the strangeness of the first subject, which opens in a singularly heavy and vague manner. Gradually, however, the melody takes shape and completeness. One of its merits is the clever way in which it is worked out; the interest of the piece increases by degrees, and when the melody re-appears towards the close, it seems to have lost its strangeness. The coda is very brilliant, but—as we have already

said—there is not the smallest trace of the *Canzonette* about it.

Heller has, in Op. 105, three very simple and pretty pieces, tried the "Song without Words," and in Op. 120 has succeeded much better. If we may be permitted to name our favourites among the pieces of Op. 120, they are No. 4, the *Andante*, which is lofty in style; and also 5 and 6, "Question" and "Answer," which are most interesting.

CHAPTER X.

IN certain of his works—the *Promenades d'un Solitaire*, the *Dans les Bois*, and the *Scènes Pastorales*—Heller has tried to express the feelings, or rather the sentiment, awakened by rural scenes. There are few subjects more interesting than that of the influence exerted upon art by the contemplation of Nature.

The Greeks, the progenitors of all art, living under a clear sky beside a blue sea bathed in light, drew from the outward world that serenity which appears in all their works. Their statues have a character of tranquil majesty and of chaste beauty that has never since been approached. The ancients lived much more with Nature than we do. But if they loved her, they feared her too. Some among them regarded her wholly as an object of fear, a capricious and changeful being, charming in her caresses but pitiless in her wrath.

Nature, they thought, like man, had passions. If a brilliant sun gilded mountain and cape, if a cool breeze refreshed the languid air, if the blue waves of the ocean broke in music on the shore—then Nature seemed to men a genial mother, lavishing upon her children the smiles of her eyes and the perfume of her warm breath. But if clouds veiled the broad expanse of heaven, she was frowning. If the rain poured down in floods, she was weeping. If the tempest roared, and the lightning cleft the cloud, these were the outbursts of her fury. Nature, then, must be formidable, they thought; and it was this latter aspect which chiefly impressed the ancient Roman poets, who sang more frequently of the sacred awfulness of the mighty woods, and the dread mysteries of the gloomy chasms, than of the gentle dews of the morning and the sweet peacefulness of the fields. Virgil alone, as he stood on the threshold of the later times, looked on Nature under her most radiant aspect, under her serenest sky.

The Middle Ages, full of superstition and

terror, saw the Evil One everywhere. They peopled every forest with fairies and sprites, and went back to the most absurd of Pagan fancies.

The moderns have understood Nature better. Science has dissipated the illusions which were the terror of our forefathers, and torn aside the veil which concealed the true forms of all things. The world to us is the theatre in which we have to play out our destiny—a stage where all is living, all is moving, all is changing, from the elements, which combine by the mysterious laws of their affinity, to man, the most intelligent and the most changeful of all.

The author, whether of poetry or prose, describes Nature in his books; the painter idealises while he reproduces her; the musician can only translate into his own tongue the impression that the outward world makes upon him. It is not now within our scope to discourse at length upon painting, and to estimate the value of modern landscape. Not only do our artists reproduce Nature with marvellous skill, but

they know how to put upon their canvas the subtle meaning, the living reflection of their own emotions. Their works tell us under what aspect they themselves saw the outward world—the very feelings which agitated their minds. Place two painters of equal ability before the same landscape. They each reproduce the same scene. But how unlike are the two pictures! The impression we receive will not be so much the scene itself, as the feelings under which the artist viewed it. And this it is which makes the difference between Art and Photography. The photograph gives us the transcript of matter—dead, not living. The artist commences with Nature. To him she lives, she throbs, she speaks; he thrills at her touch; he conceives a thought; he puts his thought upon his canvas; and his canvas itself becomes a living thing.

The musician cannot transcribe Nature; but he can tell us what he felt at her touch. With some musicians, emotion is supreme; as with Beethoven, in the *Pastoral Symphony*,

or Weber, in *Der Freischütz;* with others, reflection. Over Heller, who is neither a Beethoven nor a Weber, but who is perfect within his own bounds, reflection reigns with over-mastering power. See how he has expressed it in these delightful works which he calls *Promenades d'un Solitaire, Dans les Bois,* and *Scènes Pastorales.*

In calling his first collection the *Promenades d'un Solitaire,* Heller seems as though he had borrowed the title from Rousseau. This becomes almost certain from Op. 101, which is called *Rêverie du Promeneur Solitaire* (J. J. Rousseau).* Rousseau understood and loved Nature. He would have willingly passed his life in contemplation and peaceful dreams among the Jura valleys, or on some lonely isle of one of the Swiss Lakes. But his restless temperament, his belief in imaginary plots against him, never allowed him to obtain the quiet he sought. When his

* To one of his *Rêveries* is prefixed a motto taken from the same celebrated author.

end drew near, he looked out for a peaceful refuge in the country, where he might end his days in communion with that Nature whom he so dearly loved. Rousseau's *Dreams* are, as it were, his adieu to earth.

It is evident that in his "Solitary Walks," Heller is inspired by Nature. Or, rather, it is evident that they are the careful work of his own desk, by his own fireside, with the vivid impressions of Nature guiding his dexterous hand. It is not his person, but his thoughts, that wander by the stream-side, and through forest glades, and in peaceful corn-fields. It is the work of the poet-musician—all poetic, not realistic.

But whether Stephen Heller in his *Promenades d'un Solitaire* is rehearsing his own actual experiences by field, and flood, and harvest scene, or is merely giving utterance to his imaginations—the sentiment of his compositions is at one with their title. For perfection we should have to mention them all (Op. 78, 80, 89); but we confess our

special liking for Nos. 1 and 2 of Op. 78, and for 2, 3 and 6 of Op. 80, and for No. 3 of Op. 89. Were the last scored for orchestra *à la* Mendelssohn, it would make a short but superb page of instrumentation.

In the *Dans les Bois* Heller has not disdained to avail himself to some extent of the conventional phrases connected with forest and hunting scenes; and this collection, is, therefore, somewhat more descriptive and less reflective than the *Promenades.*

We cannot but think of Weber in connection with forest and hunting scenes, and we scarcely think that Heller has escaped his reminiscences. Perhaps the *Dans les Bois* will be less popular than the *Promenades d'un Solitaire.* Nevertheless, they are higher in style, and the musical expression is more powerful. Many of the movements would bear orchestration. We would specially mention No. 1 of Op. 86, which is full of mystery and poetry; No. 3 is energetic and passionate, and the harmony of No. 6 is beautiful and original,

the *finale* (No. 7), combining the different subjects of the collection, being exquisitely beautiful.

The different pieces of Op. 128 have separate titles, *L'Entrée en Forêt*, the *Promenade du Chasseur* and the *Fleur Solitaire* are charming inspirations. The last collection (Op. 136) have a peculiar interest, inasmuch as the composer had in his mind the characters in *Freischütz*, *Agathe*, *Max*, *Caspar*, and *Annette*. He has evidently caught his inspiration from certain situations in the plot of the same opera, and thus, to some extent, rivalled his great predecessor. This was a bold thing to do. And we do not say that Heller's miniature is equal to the life-size picture of the great Weber. But we cannot deny that he has given us very interesting work under very difficult conditions.

Heller has written other works in the pastoral style—three *Eclogues* (Op. 92), dedicated to M. Lecouppey, which exhibit workmanship of the finest and most delicate description; two *Scènes pastorales* (Op. 50), less elaborate, less delicately chiselled, but free and firm in their

handling; and some *Bergeries* (Op. 106) which are short but very original, and which it would be interesting to compare with Beethoven's *Bagatelles*—those modestly named but very striking pieces.

Heller's musical ideas clothe themselves well in the form of the "Song without Words." Many of his pieces, whatever he may call them, are "Lieder" in the best sense. This thoroughly German type is one of the happiest outside the classical forms. It is modest in its pretensions, but one under which the great composers, such as Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, have often comprehended a whole drama. Heller's Op. 73 is a very interesting specimen; nothing can be lovelier than his *Cradle Song*, or more dramatic than his *Huntsman's Song*. Each is in itself an exquisite little poem.

Heller is quite at home in pieces descriptive of the chase. We find it in the *Dans les Bois* as in Op. 102; and finally in *La Chasse, Etude caracteristique* (Op. 29). This striking piece

was the earliest of Heller's compositions that met with popular appreciation and success. Even now there are some persons who have no idea, that besides *La Chasse*, there is a whole pile of glorious and delightful music, into which the author has thrown his whole power, in which he has displayed the finest conceivable inventive capacity, and the most exquisite tenderness of feeling. Heller is, for such people, "The author of *La Chasse*"—just as formerly in France Schubert was "the author of *La Sérénade*." It is really sometimes almost a disadvantage to an artist to have composed one popular piece; for twenty years the "*Marche des Pélérins*" told against Berlioz; it became a convenient handle for those who wanted to depreciate his other works.

CHAPTER XI.

THE eighteen pieces which compose the collection entitled *Nuits Blanches* (Op. 82) are not descriptive; they are simply lyrical effusions, full of sentiment. Their form is beautiful, and the melody almost always remarkable.

The three collections of which we have just spoken—the *Promenades d'un Solitaire*, the *Dans les Bois*, and the *Nuits Blanches*—form an era in the history of music, for their composer has struck out a new type. The form of these pieces is absolutely novel, for they neither answer to the "Song without Words," to the nocturne, nor to anything previously known. They are an entirely new conception, and are as truly the invention of Heller, as the "Song without Words" is the creation of Mendelssohn. Nothing like them was ever written before Heller, and all which

have since appeared of a similar character are due to him.

In Op. 126, Heller has composed three *Overtures* for the pianoforte, in different styles —one dramatic, a second pastoral, and a third for a comic opera. He has proved by these that he is master of the symphonic style. Of these three pieces, the dramatic one seems the best.

We shall now combine, in one glance, a number of works of different degrees of importance, which even the composer himself would have found it difficult to classify. He has given them rather vague titles; indeed, he could hardly do otherwise.

(1) *Six Feuillets d'Album* (Op. 83). We should have been disposed to call these Preludes. They are very short, but very charming, and recall forcibly the best inspirations of Op. 81, previously published.

(2) *Pour un Album* (Op. 110). These two are pieces of which the one is considerably developed, lofty in style, somewhat sombre, and

a little cold; the other, *Allegretto con tenerezza*, very short.

(3) *Petit Album* (Op. 134). In this we find a great diversity of styles: a "Novelette" (a title borrowed from Schumann), a "Scherzo," a "Romance," an "Arabesque," a "Question," and an "Answer." The first, in its opening bars (perhaps because of the title), seems to us to recall Schumann; the Romance is charming; but the last two are the most interesting, the "Question" and "Answer." This is the second time that Heller uses this artifice. The idea is ingenious, and the effect happy — almost enchanting.

(4) *Album à la Jeunesse* (Op. 138). This is, again, one of Schumann's titles. It consists of twenty-five pieces, in four books, with explanatory titles. They are little gems, exquisitely cut and perfectly set. The scenes entitled Tziganyi (Gipsies) is particularly interesting.

(5) *Feuilles Volantes* (Op. 123)—five pieces, more developed, somewhat vague in character,

but not devoid of poetic charm. No. 3, in F major, is a very striking composition.

(6) Two *Cahiers* (Op. 114) contain a very fine prelude—as, indeed, are all Heller's preludes—a piece with a title borrowed from Schumann (*Kinderscenen*), which is charming and full of simplicity, and a *Presto Scherzoso*, which is not quite up to the mark of the Scherzos we have already discussed.

(7) Op. 111, called *Morceaux de ballet*, is a beautiful collection, and quite in the symphonic style. Well scored, they would make a remarkable intermezzo, especially if the third piece of Op. 118 were added as a finale. This last—will the composer forgive us for saying so?—is a veritable show-piece, very difficult and very effective. It could, however, be scored for orchestra, and would make a fine ending to Op. 111, of which the conclusion is *pianissimo*. The other pieces of Op. 118, called *Boutade* and *Feuillet d'Album*, are very short. The latter is a very pretty Song without Words.

(8) Op. 124, *Scènes d'Enfant.* Again one of Schumann's titles; his Scenes of Childhood, are remarkable. It was dangerous ground on which to rival Schumann. It cannot be denied, however, that Heller's are interesting, melodious, and rhythmical. The composer has purposely refrained from giving titles to these pieces. He wished, doubtless, only to picture childhood in general—its simplicity, its innocence; whereas Schumann had in each scene a particular and definite object before him, which he points out by the title.

CHAPTER XII.

IN the form of a Prelude, again, Heller has been a true inventor. *Præ-ludium*, properly speaking, is a movement that precedes another. Formerly every Fugue was preceded by its own Prelude. Sometimes it had a vague character, as in some of Handel's pieces, more frequently, as in Bach, it had a very restricted form and was itself almost a Fugue, or, at all events, was to some extent canonic in form.

Afterwards it became the usual introduction to a Solo for the player to allow his fingers to roam rather vaguely over the keys, so as to prepare the auditor for the piece that was to follow. Some composers, as for instance, Clementi and Czerny, reduced these introductions to set forms, and composed Preludes in every key, which were to precede any piece in the same key. But this was a mistake; for

it does not follow that because a Prelude and a succeeding piece are in the same key, that they are, therefore, appropriate to each other.

Chopin's beautiful preludes avoid this error, but are not in reality Preludes. Some are Studies—complete pieces; others are the sketches, so to speak, of his more elaborate works.

Heller's Prelude is a short piece, but complete in all its parts—a consistent whole. He is the creator of this form. We may instance his *Arabesques* (Op. 49) the first of his attempts in this line; his *Traumbilder* (Op. 79) are an advance on the preceding; and his *Preludes* (Op. 81) an admirable collection, of which each is worthy of mention. Those entitled *Chanson de Mai, Rêverie, Feu follet, Arabesque, Chant de Berceau, Sonnet*, are little masterpieces in taste and feeling.

In the three remarkable *Preludes* (Op. 117) dedicated to M. Niels Gade, Heller has endeavoured to depart from his usual form. These are more developed, and perhaps the

title of *Etude* would be more appropriate to them than that of *Prelude.*

Op. 119, *Preludes à Mademoiselle Lili,* go to the opposite extreme. There are thirty-two of them in thirty-four pages—microscopic in proportion, yet full of delicate traits; exquisite form, yet thorough originality. But how few will appreciate the mine of poetry and exquisite workmanship in all these pages of little pieces! How many even among the sincere admirers of Stephen Heller will prefer Op. 49, 79, and 81—less refined, but more vigorous and full-bodied.

CHAPTER XIII.

HELLER has written over two hundred *Pianoforte Studies.* He is one of the most prolific composers in this style. But let us be careful to add, that his Studies differ entirely from the compositions usually bearing this title. He did not desire to compose simply Finger Exercises. He desired to combine the *utile* with the *dulce.* Nor did he wish to write such elaborately grand works as the *Études* of Chopin. His are small lyrical poems, apart altogether from any educational purposes. He wished to compose beautiful pieces, in every rhythm, and with every possible harmony—restricting himself only in regard to the degree of difficulty in execution, which he set before him, to that end simplifying the form and avoiding all that was not absolutely necessary to the expression of his thoughts.

His starting-point is, Op. 16, *The Art of Phrasing*—twenty-four Studies, composed at his own inspiration, and without any immediate thought of publication. They are in every form. We find among them the Prelude Impromptu, Canzonette, Romance, Eclogue, etc. When Heller played them in Paris, they were not fully appreciated. An enlightened patroness of Art, Madame Jenny Mongolfier —who was the greatest musical authority in Lyons, where she still passes, in a ripe old age, a very retired life—came across the Studies accidentally. They were published by Schlesinger. She was so struck by them that she wrote to Heller himself, to find out what she could about the unknown author of such charming pieces. Ever afterwards, she did what she could, within the limits of her means, to make the work known, and not without considerable opposition.

Success, however, came at last—and with success, of course, publishers! Heller was solicited to write Studies. And thus it came

to pass that he wrote the twenty-five Studies of Op. 45, as an introduction to Op. 16. He then wrote Op. 46 to precede Op. 45; and afterwards Op. 47 as an introduction to Op. 46. He had to compose three or four Studies a day, to cut out passages which the publishers thought too "learned" or too difficult, and to substitute others. However, it was these Studies which for a long time were his only successful publications. Heller was quoted as a charming composer of Studies. His other works went for nothing.

These very Studies are now a large source of revenue to the publishers, while some of Heller's compositions into which he threw his whole soul and all his genius, lie unknown upon the shelf.

After thirty years, a professor of the pianoforte in the Conservatoire of Vienna—M. Hans Schmitt—has just published a pamphlet on the subject of these Studies. He has added the Preludes (Op. 81) and the Album (Op. 138); has classified these two hundred and four pieces,

pointed out the order in which they should be attempted by the student, and declared them indispensable to the art of modern pianoforte playing.

Op. 90, called *Nouvelles Etudes*, belongs to a totally different order of ideas from Ops. 16, 45, 46, and 47. These were not composed to order. They form a series which remind us of the *Promenades d'un Solitaire*, and are of the very highest type. From the first, which pictures the naughty child astray in the woods, to the last which portrays the sufferings of mature age—the dramatic side of life, the inspiration is sustained, and without intending it, Heller has perhaps written one of his finest and most touching works.

Op. 125—Twenty-four *Nouvelles Etudes d'Expression* are rather in the style of the *Preludes à Lili*. They are minute in size, and exquisitely charming and delicate. The last of them—*the Leçon de piano*, with the five-finger exercise and the reminiscence of Cramer, is one of the most charming *Fantasias* imaginable.

Heller has also written separate studies, Op. 96 and 116. In Op. 96, he has, contrary to his wont, sacrificed to execution. Of the two Studies in Op. 116, we prefer the first, which overflows with feeling and poetry.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN this rapid analysis of Heller's works, we have been compelled to pass over many. But there are some which it would be unfair to leave unnoticed, especially his twelve pieces composed with Ernst, the great violinist, under the title, *Pensées fugitives.* They are charming. We give, however, at the end, a complete list of all Heller's works. This catalogue alone will show the importance of the structure that he has raised, and will, we trust, inspire many with the desire to become intimate with all its details.

CHAPTER XV.

THE third period of an artist's style consists sometimes in an exaggeration of some of his favourite methods of working.

At the commencement of his artistic career, Heller wrote some elaborate works. Even since then he has written a few. But of late years he seems to have a tendency to keep to short pieces. He has doubtless seen, not without some alarm, that in order to retain the attention of the public throughout an entire Concerto, or an elaborately worked Caprice, or even a Sonata, it is useless to remain too long in pursuit of the ideal, but that the ear must be amused by some of those artifices which bring out the power of the instrument—in a word, by execution. Heller has no taste for mere execution. Where the performance becomes too prominent, there, he thinks, the thought vanishes.

There is truth in this view of art. It is evident that if too great value be set upon mere external effect, the thought is neglected. But is it quite wise to give up absolutely and wholly such methods? Must a pianist utterly renounce the use of brilliant "passages," as the Germans call them? It is true that there is a school of composers, now becoming extinct, which has gone to the length of overlaying thought by ornament, even while admitting that there ought to be a thought latent in every composition. Yet a passage may be in itself melodious, or may mark, may suggest, may recall a thought already expressed. May not such a passage, if it be in accordance with the character of the piece, be a rest to the ear, a moment of suspense, which enables the hearer, while listening to soothing sounds, to meditate upon the first idea of the composer, and to anticipate and wait for its recurrence? How many delicious effects of Hummel and Field and Chopin are not in themselves actual melodies!

We are well aware, as we began this essay by stating, that greatness is only a relative quality; that it is entirely a question of proportion and of symmetry; that true beauty can be shown as well in the colossal symphony as in the *Lied*, and that a picture of Meissonier may equal in value a huge canvas of Ingres.

At the same time, we must admit, our eyes and ears were created with certain proportions that can alone satisfy them, and that cannot be diminished at pleasure. Leaving, therefore, out of the question some of Heller's "miniatures," we would now endeavour, in conclusion, to sum up the characteristics of this great composer as a whole, and to ascertain his true place among the masters of art.

Is, then, Heller a Classicist or a Romanticist? This we might have asked with all seriousness some score of years ago. At this time of day, the nineteenth century dispute between Classicists and Romanticists is as much forgotten as the eighteenth century disputes between

Gluckists and *Piccinists*—which were, indeed, disputes about words more than things.

Stephen Heller is simply a great artist who knew how to be original, and dared to be so.

Art is not, as some would have it, confined to narrow limits of expression and form, which may never be passed. The purists of classic art were foolish in supposing it to be impossible to depart from certain conventional forms. And the Romanticists, on the other hand, were little less foolish when they discarded altogether the forms which have been consecrated by age, experience, and the admiration of centuries.

One thing is certain—that if we wish to write a Sonata, a Trio, a Quartett, or a Symphony in any form but that which was adopted by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, we run great risk of entire failure. Certain musical forms there are which have hitherto been fixed, and which we ought to respect. But we are not, therefore, forbidden to discover new forms, and add them to our ancient treasures.

Beethoven created the Scherzo, which took the place of the Minuet; Mendelssohn immortalized a new form, the "Song without Words;" still later Felicien David invented the Ode Symphonique; among pianists Chopin originated the Impromptu; Schumann created new forms in his Children's Scenes, his Carnival, etc.; and Stephen Heller has brought into existence those delicious forms under which he has presented to us his *Dans les Bois* and his *Promenades d'un Solitaire.*

Heller, then, is so far a classical writer that he respects classic forms. He is an innovator, in so far as he has invented new ones which must take their place for all time in the history of his art. He might have been—had he chosen—a great orchestral symphonist. He has preferred, like Chopin, to remain simply a composer of pianoforte music. Posterity may possibly assign to him a lower niche in the Temple of Fame, than had he chosen to deal with larger methods, and attempt a grander style. But to have been a pianist

like Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin—is this, indeed, little? How many a composer of more ambitious works, and of more popular name, shines with infinitely less brightness in the firmament of Art!

CATALOGUE

OF

PIANOFORTE WORKS

BY

STEPHEN HELLER.

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Op. 2. Les charmes de Hambourg. Rondeau brillant.
Op. 3. Fantaisie dramatique sur les opéras "Semiramide" et "Masaniello."
Op. 4. Valse Favorite de Hubovsky. Variations brillantes.
Op. 5. Thême Polonais. Variations brillantes.
Op. 6. Zampa. Variations brillantes sur l'opéra de Herold.
Op. 7. Trois impromptus :—
No. 1. Déclaration.
2. Adieu.
3. Amour sans repos (Rastlose Liebe).
Op. 8. Rondo-scherzo.
Op. 9. Première Sonate.
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2. Rondoletto "Norma" (Bellini).
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Op. 26. Richard, Cœur de lion. Impromptu sur l'opéra de Gretry.
Op. 27. Caprice brillant in E flat.
Op. 28. Caprice Symphonique in A.
Op. 29. La Chasse (Die Jagd) Etude.
Op. 30. Dix pensées fugitives (d'après H. W. Ernst and Stephen Heller) :—

No. 1. Passé.
2. Souvenir.
3. Romance.
4. Lied.
5. Agitato.
No. 6. Adieu.
7. Rêverie.
8. Caprice.
9. Inquiétude.
10. Intermezzo.

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Op. 32. La Juive. Bolero sur un motif de l'opéra de Halévy.
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Op. 36. La poste. Improvisata, mélodie de Schubert.
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2. La petite mendiante.
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Op. 50. Scènes pastorales. 2 Books.

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Op. 57. Scherzo fantastique.
Op. 58. Rêveries.
Op. 59. Valse brillante.
Op. 60. Canzonetta.
Op. 61. Deuxième Tarentelle.
Op. 62. Deux Valses:—
No. 1, in D flat. 2, in A flat.
Op. 63. Capriccio.
Op. 64. Humoreske (Presto capriccioso).
Op. 65. Deuxiéme grand sonate.
Op. 66. Le val d'Andorre. Caprice brillant sur l'opéra de Halévy
Op. 67. On song's bright pinions. Improvisata sur la Mélodie de Mendelssohn, "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges."
Op. 68. Hark! hark! the lark. Caprice brillant, mélodie de Schubert.
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2. The soldier's farewell (L'adieu du soldat).
3. Cradle song (Chanson de berceau).

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No. 1. Allegro vivo, in F sharp major.
2. Allegretto quasi allegro, in F.
3. Allegro, in B flat minor.
4. Andante, in B flat.
5. Allegretto con moto, in G.
6. Assai vivace, in G minor.

Op. 79. Dream Pictures (Traumbilder):—
No. 1. Allegretto con moto, in C.
2. Allegro energico, in A minor.
3. Vivacissimo, in A.
4. Allegro agitato, in D minor.
5. Andantino, in B flat.
6. Molto vivace, in B flat minor.

Op. 80. Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'artiste). Deuxième suite de Promenades d'un solitaire :—

No. 1. Poco agitato, in C minor.
2. Allegretto con grazia, in D flat.
3. Allegro appassionato, in B flat minor.
4. Lento con espressione, in F.
5. Assai vivace, in C minor.
6. Con moto, in B flat.

Op. 81. 24 Preludes in all the keys.

Op. 82. Restless nights (Nuits blanches). 18 Morceaux lyriques :

No. 1. Vivace, in C.
2. Impetuoso, in A minor.
3. Lento con tenerezza, in G.
4. Molto animato, in E minor.
5. Andante quasi allegretto, in D.
6. Allegro deciso, in B minor.
7. Più lento, in A.
8. Allegro appassionato, F sharp minor.
9. Allegretto con grazia, in E.
10. Allegro caratteristico, C sharp minor.
11. Andante con moto, in G flat.
12. Molto agitato, in B flat minor.
13. Allegretto grazioso, in D flat.
14. Più moderato e plintivo, in F minor.
15. Andante placido, in F.
16. Allegro risoluto, in D minor.
17. Allegretto pastorale, in B flat.
18. Allegro non troppo, in G minor.

Op. 83. Feuillets d'Album. Six Morceaux.

Op. 84. Impromptu.

Op. 85. Deux Tarentelles :—
No. 1, in A minor. 2, in A flat.

Op. 86. Dans les bois (Im Walde). Sept Rêveries :—
No. 1. Allegretto con moto, in A flat.
2. Agitato con passione, in E flat minor.
3. Andante con moto, in E.
4. Allegro vivace, in A.
5. Allegretto, in A flat.
6. Allegro assai, in F.
7. Allegro risoluto, in F sharp.

Op. 87. Cinquième Tarentelle.

Op. 88. Third Sonata.

Op. 89. In Wald und Flur. Troisième suite de Promenades d'un solitaire :—
No. 1. Agrestement, in B flat.
2. D'un mouvement trés vif et passionné, in D minor.
3. Vivement et de bonne humeur, in D.
4. D'un mouvement agité, in G minor.
5. Molto vivace, in F.
6. Assai vivace, in A.

Op. 90. 24 Nouvelles études.

Op. 91. No. 1. Nocturne, in G.
2. Nocturne, in E.
3. Nocturne-Serenade, in G.

Op. 92. Trois Eglogues :—
No. 1, in F ; 2, in G ; 3, in C.

Op. 93. Deux Valses :—
No. 1, in D flat major ; 2, in E flat minor.

Op. 94. A tale (Tableau de genre).

Op. 95. Allegro pastorale.
Op. 96. Grande étude de concert.
Op. 97. Douze Valses :—
No. 1. Mouvement modéré, in F.
2. Un peu plus mouvementé, in D.
3. Même mouvement, in B flat.
4. Moins vite, in D.
5. Un peu lent, in A.
6. Quasi triste, in A minor.
7. Vivement, in F.
8. Delicatement, tendrement, in A flat.
9. Très vivement, in D flat.
10. Moins vite, in C.
11. Très rapide, in F minor.
12. Commodement, in F.
Op. 98. Improvisata sur une mélodie de R. Schumann.
Op. 99. Quatre Fantaisie-Stücke.
Op. 100. Deuxième Canzonette.
Op. 101. Réveries du promeneur solitaire.
Op. 102. Morceau de chasse.
Op. 103. Nocturne, in G.
Op. 104. Polonaise, in E flat.
Op. 105. Trois Romances sans paroles :—
No. 1. Assai lento, in A.
2. Molto vivo, in A minor.
3. Vivo (An autumn leaf), in F.
Op. 106. Trois Bergeries.
Op. 107. Quatre Ländler :—
No. 1, in F ; 2, in F ; 3, in F minor ; 4, in F.
Op. 108. Quatrième scherzo.

Op. 109. Feuilles d'automne. Deux morceaux.
Op. 110. Une grande feuille et une petite (pour un Album).
Op. 111. Morceaux de ballet :—
No. 1. Pas noble. Intermède.
2. Pantomime. Couplets dansés.
Op. 112. Caprice humoristique.
Op. 113. Fantaisie-caprice.
Op. 114. Deux cahiers :—
No. 1. Prèludes et Scènes d'enfants.
2. Presto Scherzoso.
Op. 115. Trois ballades.
Op. 116. Deux études.
Op. 117. Trois préludes.
Op. 118. Variétés. Trois morceaux.
Op. 119. 32 Préludes (à Mademoiselle Lîli).
Op. 120. Lieder ohne Worte. 2 Books.
Op. 121. Trois morceaux :—
No. 1. Ballade.
2. Conte.
3. Rêverie du gondolier.
Op. 122. Valse-rêveries. 2 Books.
Op. 123. Feuilles volantes. 3 Books.
Op. 124. Scènes d'enfants. 2 Books.
Op. 125. 24 Nouvelles études d'expression et de rhythme.
Op. 126. Trois Ouvertures :—
No. 1, pour un drame.
2, pour une pastorale.
3, pour un opéra comique.
Op. 127. Studies from "Der Freischütz" (Weber).

Op. 128. Dans les bois (Deuxième série) :—
No. 1. Entrée.
2. Bruits de la forêt.
3. Promenade du chasseur.
4. Fleur solitaire.
5. Ecureuil poursuivi.
6. Wald-Sage.
7. Retour.

Op. 129. Deux Impromptus :—
No. 1, in F ; 2, in C sharp minor.

Op. 130. 33 Variations sur un thême de Beethoven.

Op. 131. Trois Nocturnes :—
No. 1. Andante con moto, in A flat.
2. Lento, in G.
3. Allegro, in A minor.

Op. 132. Deux Polonaises :—
No. 1 in F minor, 2 in A minor.

Op. 133. 21 Variations on a theme by Beethoven.

Op. 134. Petit Album :—
No. 1. Novellette.
2. Scherzino.
3. Romance.
No. 4. Arabesque.
5. Questions.
6. Réponse.

Op. 135. Deux Intermédes de concert :—
No. 1 in G minor, 2 in E major.

Op. 136. Dans les bois (Troisième Série) :—
No. 1. Dans les bois.
2. Max.
3. Agathe. Max et Agathe.
4. Caspar. Couplets.
5. Annette et Agathe.
6. Fleurs sauvages.

Op. 137. No. 1. Sixième Tarentelle.
2. Septième Tarentelle.
Op. 138. Album dédié à la jeunesse (Notenbuch) in 4 Books :—
Bk. 1. Seven pieces.
2. Eight pieces.
3. Five pieces.
4. Five pieces.

Works to which no Opus numbers have been given :—

Eglogue, in A.
Esquisse, in F.
Prière, in C.
Romance de l'opéra "La chaste Suzanne".
Sérénade in A.

Six songs of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, transcribed for the Pianoforte :—
No. 1. Echo answers (Alt-Deutsches Lied).
2. Oh ! winter cruel winter (Hirtenlied).
3. Oh ! what means this strong emotion (Zuleika).
4. Of all the pretty darlings (Rheinisches Volkslied).
5. When through the Piazzata (Venetianisches Gondellied).
6. Floating rides a soft and balmy breeze (Reiselied).

Thirty-three songs of Schubert, transcribed for the Pianoforte :—
No. 1. I'd carve it on the bark of ev'ry tree (Ungeduld).
2. The voice of the tempest (Des Mädchens Klage).
3. In silent woe I wander (Der Wanderer).
4. Within a streamlet (Die Forelle).
5. Thou whom I vowed to love (Sei mir gegrüsst).

Thirty-three songs of Schubert *(continued)* :—

6. As o'er the Alps (Der Alpenjaeger).
7. Sweet image thou (Du bist die Ruh').
8. Im Walde (Dans le bosquet).
9. Good morrow (Bon jour).
10. The departure (Abschied).
11. Evening breezes gently stealing (Ständchen. Serenade).
12. Last greeting (Adieu).
13. The Erl King (Der Erlkönig).
14. The postman's horn (Die Post).
15. All my peace is gone (Marguerite).
16. Ave Maria (Lady of the Lake).
17. The forest calls (Cradle song).
18. The stars (Les astres).
19. The young girl and death (La jeune fille et la mort.)
20. The storm-winds are howling (Die junge Nonne)
21. The death bell (La cloche des agonisants).
22. Scents refreshing (Lob der Thränen).
23. The young mother (La jeune mère).
24. The queen of night (Rosamunde).
25. 'Mid the gay ripples (Barcarolle).
26. The fisherman (Le pêcheur).
27. The echo (L'écho).
28. My dreams are o'er (Mes rêves).
29. The traveller's song (Désir de voyager
30. I saw three stars (Les regrets).
31. When my tender heart (Der Müller und Der Bach).
32. The favoured colour (Die liebe Farbe).
33. The sportsmen's song (Chanson des chasseurs).

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on 18 July, 2018